

Sick

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Sick

by [WindsOfWisteria](#)

Summary

After not seeing Peter for over a week, Tony Stark gets a frantic call from May Parker. Due to her call, he makes his way to her apartment only to find Peter dangerously ill. Despite his high fever, profuse vomiting, and blaring headache, he refuses to go to the hospital or to Bruce. The question is- why? Tony knows there's something more to this than Peter is telling him.

Notes

So, this is the first fanfic I'm publishing to the public! Ever since I've watched Infinity war I've been dying to write some Spiderson and Irondad stuff so here ya go! I'm already working on multiple other fanfics that range from Zelda: BOTW, to Fullmetal Alchemist, to the Avengers, if you're interested, just check in once and a while! Kudos, comments, bookmarks, and constructive criticism are greatly appreciated. This is somewhat of a vent fic. More information down in the end notes. Also on a side note, if you see any spelling mistakes I would appreciate it if you told me so I could edit it!

TW: Depression, Self-mutilation

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Sick

Drumming his fingers incessantly, Tony is yet again stuck in another needless meeting for the fifth time that week. His drumming only insinuated the vexation he felt blooming within him. Instead of focusing on the task at hand, his gaze drifted to the cerulean blue that painted the sky just outside the window that covered one of the walls. Tony let out an exasperated sigh, earning some fleeting irked expressions from others around him. He could be doing so many other productive things instead of *this*. His vexation only grew as the meeting went on for what seemed like forever. He could be working on Rhodey's jacked up suit, or he could even be working with Peter in the lab.

Ever since the Toomes incident, Tony went out of his way to spend some more quality time with the teen, despite his decline to join the Avengers a few months prior. He would generally bring Peter to the compound at least twice a week; they would train and run experiments together. Albeit recently Peter— he hasn't contacted him awhile. Maybe he was just overreacting, but this was just out of character. Peter would normally text him every other day, (thankfully the teen refrained from texting multiple times a day), it was *strange*.

However, Peter was a teenager, he shouldn't be that worried because he wasn't even the kid's parent. Besides, Peter has May; he doesn't want to helicopter parent the kid— Although just to make sure he was okay he did check Peter's vitals once in a while. The last time he checked was about 4 days ago- FRIDAY had noted that Peter was wearing his suit at the usual times; about 3:00 pm to 6:00 pm to 9:00 pm to 11:00 pm. Still, there was an uneasy feeling in his gut. In the back of his mind, he knew there was something amiss. Tony tried to disregard these invasive thoughts— but to no avail.

Abruptly a loud ringing reverberated through the room; it was coming from his pocket. *Shit*. He silently excused himself; getting up out of his chair. As he made his way out of the room, he felt the irritated gazes of others boring into him. A part of him was glad that someone called, he finally had an excuse to leave— but something troubled him... barely anyone knew his personal number. Those who did only called for emergencies; *so, who—?*

Tony pulled the phone from his pocket and stared down at it; an unknown number. He answered it anyway.

"Is this Anthony Stark?" A voice spoke; a nervous edge laced into it. The voice seemed vaguely familiar, but he couldn't pinpoint exactly who it was.

Tony hummed in response and cleared his throat, "Who is this?"

"It's me, Peter's Aunt, May," Her voice was tense; his gut lurched— *something was wrong*.

He heard her sigh- and a tense minute passed before she spoke in a meek, shaky voice, "*I know I should have called you sooner*"; but I thought I could handle this on my own— I'm supposed to be his *guardian*."

Her breathing was shallow and she spoke quickly. Tony purses his lips; gripping the cell phone tighter, "*Handle what exactly?*"

"Well— Peter is sick..." she let out another sigh, "*Very sick*." She spoke in a voice barely audible; her anxiety dripping from each word that passed through her lips.

Tony's clasp on the phone grew even tighter as a chill wracked his frame and his heart skipped a beat. He felt the anxiety from uncertainty slowly crawl up to his chest; blooming within him. '*How did Peter get sick? Ever since the spider bite the kid had never gotten sick*'

"Peter doesn't get sick; I haven't seen him sick in over year- so I was shocked when he started to come down with a fever. But it's gotten so much *worse* than that..." Her voice began to hitch, "H- his fever is now about 10 5°- he can't keep any food down. His skin is clammy and really pale. He's getting really thin and he complains that his whole body aches. *He's been vomiting like crazy and—*"

"*Why didn't you take him to the doctor or the hospital?*" Tony cut in, his voice low and rumbling, entwined with venom. '*Isn't that just common sense? Peter's health is no joke.*'

"*I tried!*" Her voice was rough and desperate, "I've tried *everything*- from coaxing him to brute force! When I tried to drag him out of his room, he shoved me out. He's a lot stronger than me— I suppose it's from his powers. I brought Ned and Michelle to help me try and get him out of his room. As soon as we stepped in, he webbed both of them to the hallway wall, slammed his door shut, and locked it. I feel so *useless*—" Tony could feel the desperation in her voice— the frustration.

"Did you ask him *why* he refuses to go? Or *how* the kid thinks he might've gotten himself sick?" Tony began pacing around the hallway, his breathing accelerating.

“That’s the *thing*— ***he won’t tell me***. I don’t know *why*— I just...” Her voice trembled, it sounded like she was on the verge of tears, “*I don’t know. I don’t— I don’t know what to do!*”

At this point- Tony had completely forgotten about the meeting. Peter’s well-being was the only thing racing through his thoughts.

“He just *keeps* getting worse... Every medication I’ve tried doesn’t work, if anything the side effects just make him sicker. *Please, I know* he trusts you. Maybe he’ll give in and let you take him to the hospital. *Can you please—?*”

“I’m on my way.”

The phone in his hand clicked as he ended the call, shoving the phone into the pocket of his satinesque suit. Tony began to stride out of the building; not giving his perturbed employees a second glance.

“FRIDAY, get my suit— set coordinates for Peter Parker’s apartment.”

The AI immediately responded, “Yes, sir.”

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“FRIDAY, how are Peter’s vitals?”

Tony already had left the compound and was using his suit to fly towards Peter’s shabby apartment in the middle of Queens. He didn’t care about the meeting— Peter was his primary concern at the moment. On his way out, Pepper had stopped him and tried to give him a lecture about responsibility— but he spoke before she could continue. He told her to step in and finish the meeting for him. While she tried to retort, she may have noticed his distress. When her eyes met him— they softened ever so slightly. She kept whatever was to spill from her lips in and agreed reluctantly, but she sternly told him to tell her whatever was going on when he returned.

As he flew closer towards the teen’s home he felt his heart flutter rapidly. *That damn teen had now made him sick from his own anxiety that was now rushing through his veins*. He knows Peter’s

Aunt usually over exaggerates; he's seen her do it before... but it now finally makes sense why Peter hasn't called or texted him. But there was still something whispering to him in the tempest that's raging within his mind. *How did Peter even get sick?* Due to his new powers, his immune system is always in overdrive. His white blood cell count and antibody count is always abnormally high- at least that's what Bruce told him. It just doesn't make *sense*. *'That kid is going to be the death of me'*

About two minutes later, FRIDAY responded, "His vitals are very concerning; I suggest going to him immediately and getting him proper medical attention. His temperature is about 105.6 degrees, his blood pressure is very low, 66/45 and he is very dehydrated."

He found himself quickening his pace.

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Exactly five minutes later, Tony found himself in front of Peter's small apartment. He inhaled deeply, bringing his hand to the shabby, white wooden door and proceeded to knock. On the other side of the door, he discerned faint, quick footsteps rushing towards the door. When the door flung open his eyes met the distraught disheveled May Parker. Her eyes were filled with worry as she beckoned him inside. She closed the door roughly behind him as he entered.

"Thank you for coming," she reached out and grasped Tony's hand firmly; shaking it vigorously. He could hear a hint of solace in her voice as she looked at him with a stressed expression on her flushed countenance.

"It's no problem"

She let go of his hand sighing and wiped the perspiration on her forehead with her forearm, "Peter is hauled up in his room— He hasn't left since he got sick..." Her eyes met the burgundy wooden floor, "I'm really sorry— I just— *I didn't know what else to do.*"

Tony shook his head, spun around, and made his way towards Peter's room, "You did the right thing."

As he was walked through the hallway he couldn't help but smile at the feeling of warmth he felt encompass him. This was drastically different compared to the compound. It was welcoming-warm, and a saccharine scent of pine pervaded the whole apartment. It just felt— *homey*. He smiled to himself, but as soon as he found himself in front of Peter's room his heart skipped a beat.

He balled his fists and held his right hand up to the door. Tony hesitated— he had a wretched feeling in his gut; he pursed his lips. He let out a frustrated sigh and finally knocked.

“Peter—? It's me, Tony.”

Nothing, just empty silence that filled the hallways. The only thing he could hear was the clang of pots and pans down the hall from May.

He knocked again.

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Silence

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Two beats pass, “Pete if you don't open up I'm coming in—”

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.

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Silence

Tony lets out a sigh, hangs his head and forces the door open, “Peter—”

As Tony looks up his next words die on his chapped lips— emptying into the silence that filled the teen's room. He doesn't know what he was expecting but— he didn't think it would be this bad. This was the polar opposite of the rest of the apartment. What first hit him was the *smell*— It made him stop dead in his tracks, the first scent to flood his senses was the revolting vomit, it was overwhelming to the point where he felt somewhat nauseated by it. The smells that accompanied the vomit was the usual sweat and the odd repulsive scent of an overactive immune system. The odors mixed together to make a repugnant feter that permeated the room. It slammed into him like a brick wall, and it kept him frozen in place.

'What the hell happened here?'

Tony stood at the doorway, still in the midst of shock. What snapped him out of his hazy mind was the faint rustle of the cotton blankets in the corner of the room where Peter's small cot laid. He approached the unkempt bed, closing the door behind him and observing his surroundings. The room was in complete disarray, from a pile in the corner made from impetuously thrown clothes, the blankets that were bestrewn across Peter's frame, Peter's favorite posters that once adorned the walls torn to shreds, to the clutter of books and paper balls strewn across the floor. In short, the room was a *complete disaster*.

The walls were empty of Peter's posters and photos. It was odd seeing them barren like this, it made the room feel empty almost numbingly so. The room was dimly lit, only by the small ajar curtain veiling the only window in the room. Sun slipped through the crack, filling the space with a subdued, warm, golden light. His empty footsteps echoed through the quiet room, only filled by the sound of Peter's labored breathing through the layers of blankets atop the sick teen. When he made it to the cot, he stared down at the boy who was facing upward. Tony finally got a good look at the boy's current condition— it was honestly much worse than his room. Peter's skin was distinctly pallid and ashen. Perspiration beads doused his forehead, covering it with a thin film. Dark circles were evidently displayed on his sheet-white colored face. His hair was disheveled, oily, frizzy, and just a mess. His breathing was ragged and labored; his lips were chapped and bloodied, *'He's definitely not getting enough fluids.'*

He watched as Peter's face scrunched in displeasure and his eyes crack open. When Tony's eyes met his hooded ones, he couldn't help but notice Peter was dazed. The boy's eyes were unfocused, bloodshot, and hazy. The usual bright, tawny-brown colored eyes the teen possessed were gone, leaving eyes that were glazed over like newly cut glass and ones that had lost their spark... The whites of his eyes were splattered with red blotches from the irritated blood vessels within them. He could faintly see undertones of yellow staining them- he just assumed it was from the sun- but... his gut reeled, it told him he was *wrong*.

Peter licked his blue tinted, bloodied lips, and he squinted. He blinked blearily and his wide pupils focused on Tony.

"Wha're doin' here—?" Peter muttered, his voice was hoarse and slurred. He turned onto his side and retreated further into his mountain of blankets.

"Up and at 'em kid, I'm taking you to Bruce." Tony shook Peter softly, feeling how sweltering the boy's body actually was. The teen grumbled in response and tugged the blankets further onto his lithe frame.

"Come on kiddo—"

"*No*" Peter murmured, he inched away from Tony, his body going rigid, "I don't *need* to."

Tony groaned and rolled his eyes, "I'm not *asking* you, you seem to not *understand* how to take care of yourself so, someone else has to for you." His voice was sharp, and he watched as Peter flinched when he spoke.

"*I'm fine*," the boy groused, gripping the blankets in his hand tightly, "*Just leave me alone.*" His voice was gravelly, presumably from the lack of water.

"*Sure*, you're fine, you're just vomiting all over the place and running a fever over 105," Tony scoffed, sarcasm dripping from his tone. He crossed his arms, "*I'm not leaving.*"

He could feel Peter roll his eyes at him, but Tony isn't leaving until the kid comes with him. The man already decided he'll take care of him until he can get him to Bruce the minute he left the compound. He glanced to the side, his eyes meeting Peter's cluttered desk. On the edge sat a plate of untouched food and a tall glass filled to the brim with water. Tony walked over to it and snatched the glass of water on the table.

"Sit up," Tony enjoined Peter, who just groaned in response. Tony let out a frustrated sigh, "I'm not playing games kid. *Get up.*"

Peter let out an exasperated sigh, slowly raising himself up into a sitting position. He let out a hiss of pain and Tony looked at him with a raised eyebrow. As the blanket draped down around the boy's waist, Tony finally got a look at the teen's clothes. They were bedraggled, stains splattered on the sweater that he wore. Underneath the vermillion sweater, Tony eyed a peak of white. Peter lifted up his arms and began to rub his forearms, an uncomfortable expression laced onto his visage.

Tony outstretched his right arm, holding the glass of water in front of Peter. The teen's hooded eyes glanced up, meeting the glass.

"I can't drink this—" Peter murmured, his voice raspy.

Tony furrowed his brows, "...and the *excuse* is...?"

Peter met Tony's gaze, a pout on his face from the jab. "***Reason***," Peter rectified, "I can't keep anything down— I'll just throw it up."

Tony shook his head, "Looks like you haven't had a drink for over a week. You're going to drink this whether *you like it or not*. Unless you want to die from dehydration."

Peter went tense, he seemed to recoil and curl in on himself. After a stifling minute went by, Tony watched Peter reluctantly reach out and grab the glass. Peter clasped the glass and retracted his hand looking at Tony. He lifted the rim of the glass to his chapped lips and drank. After he took a few small gulps, he set the glass down on his umber nightstand.

"*Happy?*" Peter spat, returning back under the covers.

"Not until you get your ass off the bed and let me bring you to Bruce."

Peter slowly pulled over more blankets over his frame, but Tony grabbed the blanket. Peter hissed, "***Stop!*** *I'm cold*"

"Peter, your fever is 106, going and wrapping yourself in your little cocoon of blankets is just going to hurt you."

Peter grumbled but complied, pushing off the layers of blankets. Tony watched as the boy struggled to pull the blankets off. He couldn't help but realize that the boy wasn't using his right arm as much as he should be— he was right hand dominant so he mentally noted it as odd. Peter finally plopped back down when the covers were finally absent on his skeletal frame. He turned onto his side away from Tony; he began to shiver.

"*Stop exaggerating* it Peter— If anything you should also take off that sweater of yours." Tony crossed his arms, looking at Peter expectantly. Peter shook his head, seeming to melt into his mattress.

Tony let out another irked sigh, looking to the side. He spotted a small towel thrown haphazardly onto Peter's desk. The man grabbed it and dipped it in the glass of water Peter drank from and placed it on the boy's forehead. The teen took it off and threw it violently across the room.

"Peter, your fever is dangerously high, *did I not just tell you that?* We need to break your fever,"

Tony rebukes sternly, and Peter sat up.

Peter looked at Tony with a bemused expression, "... *you did?*" The boy's tone was incredulous and slow-paced, his eyes were glazed over and muddled, almost as if a haze of fog was enveloping his eyes. Tony watched as the boy's eyes drifted around the room, almost in a trance. He was staring into space, arms slowly wrapping around his body. Peter hung his head and he was trembling. He looked up at Tony, eyes filled with a tempest of emotions. The teen looked as if he had something to say, but after a few beats, the boy pursed his lips and scooted farther away from Tony. The boy's eyes left Tony and met the ground. The distant look in the teen's eyes set off alarm bells inside Tony's head.

The man's heart fluttered and the palms of his hands began to feel sweaty. A small voice whispered to him that something else is going on with Peter, but he couldn't pinpoint *what* exactly the boy was hiding. His reasonable mind threw that thought away, Peter—he's just *sick*, he'll be better once I bring him to Bruce. Suddenly, Peter jumped to the edge of the bed, hanging his head over the garbage pail next to the cot. The next few seconds were filled with the sound of Peter hurling, it was an unpleasant thing to watch—he couldn't do anything to take the kid's suffering away.

Tony looked at the teen, perturbed, *'That's it, I'm taking this kid to Bruce whether he wants to or not.'*

When Peter had finished vomiting, without forewarning, Tony grabbed the sick teen's right arm. The boy grimaced and hissed in pain, swiftly pulling away from his arm from the man. A glower appeared on his face as he fished for the blankets at his side.

"Peter, *I'm not playing games anymore*; you need medical attention *immediately*. I'm taking you to Bruce *right now*." In the corner of his eye, he watched Peter take the blanket he clasped and use it to cover his arm.

The boy gave him an irate glare, shaking his head. "*No...*" He spoke, his voice still hoarse.

"What's wrong with your arm?" Tony inquired, an expectant gleam in his eye. He wasn't sure how it was possible, but the boy seemed to blanch even further. They sat in a hush silence for a good 2 minutes before the teen answered.

"***Nothing***—" Peter gripped the blanket tighter, continuing to hide his right arm. The boy seemed to become so much smaller and meeker than he was just a few seconds ago. He began to curl up in on himself, bringing his knees to his chest. He became stiff and he hung his head.

"I'm *sure* it's nothing if you've put so much effort into concealing it," Tony sighed, eyes laid on Peter's sick form. "Did you get hurt on patrol?"

Peter shook his head, eyes not meeting Tony's, "No..."

"No? So..., what is it?"

Peter remained silent, he curled further in on myself and began to quiver.

Tony furrowed his brows, placing his left hand on his hip. A part of him knew something more sinister was going on, however only now was he actually going to voice his concerns. "...There's something— *worse* going on... You're acting *off*—"He saw Peter jerk, Tony continued, "*You're hiding something*— something serious. Your general demeanor is *off, everything is off*. You're not good at hiding these things... What's wrong?"

"Nothing—" Peter insisted, receding further into the corner of his bed away from Tony.

"No, it's not nothing, or you would've just *told* me already kid! Look I don't *know* what's going on with you but you're starting to piss me off. **I can't help you if you don't tell me what's wrong!**" Tony threw his hands in exaggerated gestures, *trying* to make Peter understand.

Peter sat there, eyes still glued down on his linen, navy blue sheets covering his right arm. No words left his chapped lips as he curled further in on himself. The room was tense, stifling even, and by the second, Tony's patience was beginning to dwindle.

"How did you even get *sick* in the first place?" Tony inquired, his voice full of suspicion, "Ever since that spider bite, you haven't been sick— Bruce *confirmed* that you have too many white blood cells to get sick from the common flu..."

Tony eyed Peter, his gaze cold and icy, "So, ***what did you do?***" Peter stayed silent, gripping his arm tighter. Tony looked at the boy a doubtful look on his face, "*Was it something stupid?*"

Peter kept silent, but his body began to quiver more, Tony took that as a yes, "*What was it? What does it have to do with your arm?*" A few beats later Tony was done with Peter's behavior.

'I'm done with this kid's shit' Tony walked up to Peter's bed and tore off the blanket enveloping

the boy's arm.

Peter pulled his arm away from Tony, "***STOP!*** *Just get out!* I don't *need* your help!"

"Peter, if you don't get help, *you're going to keep getting worse— do you want to die?!*"

Peter bawled his fists, not willing to meet Tony's eyes. Tony continued to speak, "What are you so scared of *me* seeing? Of *Bruce* seeing? ***What in the world could you possibly be scared of?!***"

Then Tony stopped to think, the only way Peter could've gotten sick with the flu was if he had gotten something that attacked his immune system—...*what if?* Tony grabbed Peter's sweater and tugged it off Peter's slim form.

"***Hey!***" Peter exclaimed nearly grabbing the carmine sweater back. When Tony's eyes met the boy's right arm, his suspicions were confirmed. On the boy's right arm laid tattered, grimy, bandages that had enfolded his forearm. Peter realized that Tony was staring at his wounded arm, he attempted to hide it by fishing for blankets or sweater, but it seemed he came to understand that the blankets had fallen off the bed and Tony was still holding his sweater. *He had nowhere to hide.*

Tony gripped Peter's sweater firmly as his blood began to boil. Frankly, he was disgusted that Peter would even consider trying this, let alone actually going through with it. As he eyed the besmirched gauze, he noticed red splotches bestrewn across it. But finally, the pieces of the puzzle began falling into place. ***Drugs***, it had to be, *what else could it be?* Peter must have used a non-sterilized needle that had some sort of HIV or something. Recently when he had gone to check Peter's current locations, he would find it odd when Peter was in an alleyway at 10:30 at night in a sketchy part of Queens. ***He was buying drugs. He was covering track marks.*** That's the *only* way Peter could have gotten this sick, even sick at all. Peter— he's supposed to be better than him... so *why?*

"*What is this?*" Tony inquired, voice laced with venom. His gaze was hostile, but his stomach was fluttering with disquietude. If anything, he was *scared*—.

Peter said nothing but his right-hand squeezes his left arm tightly in its grip. He brought his legs to his chest and Tony overlooked, watching the boy seem to break in front of him. Finally, after a few minutes of tense silence, Peter spoke in a soft, meek voice, "*It's not... what it looks like...*"

Tony squeezed the garment in his hand tighter, “***Bullshit!***” He spat, ‘*What did Peter think if him as? A fool?*’

Tony began to tremble in anger and he spoke again, “*Do you think I’m a fool, Peter? I believed in you, I thought you could be better. You’re **supposed** to be better!*” ‘... *better than me.*’ Tony walked up to Peter and looked him dead in the eye, Peter’s eyes were glazed over, melancholic—and something else he couldn’t recognize... anger perhaps?

Tony jabbed his finger at Peter, pointing it at his meek form, “***I thought wrong***”

Peter’s eyes began to well up with tears. He looks at Tony, guilt apparent in his full eyes. Peter balled his fists— “*I’m sorry...*”

Tony scoffed, “*Sorry doesn’t cut it, kid! I thought you learned your lesson when I took your suit away— **Now you’re taking drugs?!***”

Peter flinched at the man’s harsh tone. The teen was quivering, and a sob wracked his frame.

“I’m not taking drugs...” Peter murmured, gripping his arm tighter to the point where his pale skin around it became completely bleached white.

"Then what else could this possibly be? Enlighten me if you would." Tony's voice seemed grating, it made Peter shudder. In all honesty, Tony was more *scared* than angry, of course, the anger was mostly just a front... the kid wouldn't know how badly he was terrifying him.

After a few moments, Peter gave a hesitant, reluctant nod and he removed the tight grip on his arm. Slowly but surely, the teen began unraveling the bandage encasing his bony arm. Tony watched in anticipation as he was waiting to justify his enagement and disappointment with the boy— however as the bandage finally slipped off a pregnant silence filled the room. There were no track marks to be found, but in its wake laid something much worse. The sight that befell him made him queasy; it made his stomach hurt, his head hurt, his heart race, and it made him feel the compulsion to vomit.

In the corner of his vision, he saw Peter's figure tense as his calculating gaze met the boy's wrist. He didn’t know what to think; the gale of thoughts in his mind reeled to a halt. Tony went rigid as he felt all the anger he had to vanish in an instant. He felt a pang of guilt rush through him as he looked up at the teen, who seemed panic-stricken waiting for Tony to say something. The once

strong boy he knew seemed to just be a front, for behind that mask of lies, left a miserable teen, who presumably felt like this was the answer. The real Peter, the one that had been suffering in silence was finally being shown.

Peter's right wrist was encrusted with blood. Bruises laced his milky white skin and blemishes strewn across as well. In the middle of his forearm laid a large gash, caked with maroon colored blood. Small lacerations fanned out around the gash, presumably Peter testing the waters. The gash sat right on top of a green-tinted vein in his arm. White scars on wrists sat underneath the gash, Tony assumes that they are old self-mutilation scars. The gash had probably been bigger earlier because of his healing factor but seemed as if that healing factor was halted by the infection that coursed through his veins. Peter hadn't gotten sick from the flu, but from something much worse; the wound was infected and green tinted puss leaked out. The skin around it was inflamed and an angry red.

Tony didn't know what to think, what to say to the broken boy in front of him. Words wanted to escape his roseate lips, but alas they were caught in his throat, unwilling to leave from the sheer shock of the sight before him. He was mortified, a part of him disappointed at himself for not noticing sooner, for brushing the odd behavior as Peter just being a teenager. The other part of him was enraged at himself for not taking the time to call the boy, to visit him and see how he was doing. At that moment he finally began to realize that Peter meant more to him than he had previously thought. Seeing him like this, it hurt him physically and mentally.

"It's not what you expected— *right?*" Peter questioned in a strained voice. Tony looked up and met Peter's dreary eyes, the spark he once saw only a week ago... gone with the wind. Tear tracts cascaded down his face, eyes red and puffy, his breathing was labored as more broken hiccupping shook his form. *He was a mess.*

"*Say something—*" Peter's voice was hoarse, a hint of pleading etched in it. His stare into Tony's troubled eyes was broken when they met the infected puss-filled wounds that rested on his pale, yet yellow-tinted skin. Peter began to tremble as the next words left his mouth, "I'm— *supposed to be a hero...* your friendly neighborhood Spiderman— *Nothing* is supposed to faze me... and yet —." Another sob leaped out of his throat, and he sniffled, the mucus filling his sinuses.

Tony continued to stay silent, he— *he didn't know what to say.* He didn't want to speak untruthful fabrications to Peter; he didn't want to just say, it's okay, things are going to get better— when he *can't promise* that... things might get better. Tony doesn't want to say, I understand it's hard, but you can make it— because he *doesn't understand*. He can't even *fathom* how dark and clouded with delusions the boy's mind must be... if anything, he can only try. While his anxiety ruled his life... it never made him think that— that suicide was the *only option*.

A part of him thinks he's dreaming, that in a few fleeting moments he'll wake up in a cold sweat in his welcoming bed—

"Is this what you wanted to see—?" Peter's voice spat; laced with venom and anguish.

It sent gelid chills that ran up his entire body... he was still at a loss for words— what if he'd say something that triggered him? What *could* he say? He felt as if his eyes were deceiving him, but deep inside he knew that Peter actually—

Suddenly Peter snapped.

"Tell me what you're going to do!" Peter jumped onto his shins and grabbed Tony by the collar, *"Tell me how much of a disappointment you think I am! Tell me that you only keep me around because I'm an investment! An exploitable resource! Tell me that you're going to take my suit away again— and not talk to me for weeks! Tell me that you're ashamed for me to even thinking about trying to kill myself! Tell me—"* Peter let go of Stark's wrinkled suit collar and dropped to his knees, bringing his hands to his face. He sobbed and sniveled, that was what only filled the room for a handful of minutes. Tony could only watch as the boy shattered in front of him— and he could do nothing to stop it.

This was real.

The boy finally looked up at Stark once more, perspiration and tears pooled at the tip of his chin. *"Say something!"*

Tony sat down next to the distressed, weeping teen. He placed a tentative hand on the boy's shoulder and the room went silent. He didn't know how to comfort someone, let alone deal with his own emotions. He let out a sigh and spoke in a hushed voice, "... You could have talked to someone."

Peter gave Tony a half-hearted glare, "It's not like anyone would understand..."

"You could have come to *me*—"

Peter let out another choked sob, "*You* wouldn't understand! ***Nobody understands!***"

Tony squeezed Peter's shoulder, "They don't have to *understand... to help you.*"

Peter pursed his bloody lips, quiet once more. After a few tense minutes of sitting in awkward silence, Tony spoke again.

"...*Why'd you do it?*" Stark mentally slapped himself, what a dumb question. While he doesn't know the details, a part of him already knows *why*.

Peter's eyes refused to meet the man's gaze. His eyes were still glued to the floor.

He bit his lip, "I don't— when or **why** it happened... but—" The teen let out a shaking breath, "For a long time, *I haven't been myself*. I've been tired, numb, helpless and just... eventually, *I stopped enjoying everything*. I feel worthless... I can't *live* like this anymore... I don't know how to describe it except... *empty* and *confused*— it feels like no one would *care* if I vanished into thin air—I just"

Peter let out a half-hearted chuckle, "Then," he lifted his hands up, "*Of course* I just **had** to overhear May complaining about how many shifts she works! The only reason she works so much is because of **me**!" A forced smile etched in his features, and a maniacal laugh escaped his parched throat.

"Then, Ned and MJ *never realized*! **No one ever realized**— they **never cared**!" Peter brought his wounded hand to his mouth and a whimper escaped as tears rushed down his face—. He removed the hand, and it dropped limply to his side. He hung his head.

"Something *whispered* to me— it told me I'd be... *better off*—" Peter's eyes well up with tears again, they dripped onto the cot. "Better off— not *here*. The more I thought about it, the more it sounded like... a good idea. Flash wouldn't bully me, Ned wouldn't be subsequently bullied... May wouldn't have to worry about money— *you* wouldn't have to be **disappointed** in me..." Peter's voice was gravely, yet soft, barely an audible whisper.

"*I wouldn't have to care anymore...*" Peter trailed off, hugging himself. He let out a fake laugh, "*Pathetic*— aren't I?" He hugged himself tighter.

Tony opened his mouth to speak, but Peter abruptly cut him off, "I'm *supposed* to be a hero— and yet" his voice lowered to nearly a whisper, "I can't even help myself... **God**, *I'm such an idiot* —."

"Is there a reason why you didn't... go through with it?" Tony's voice was unusually soft as he

squeezed Peter's shoulder.

"I guess—, I heard that there was a fire downtown in Queens... I... I *couldn't* just sit there. I webbed the wound up and— made my way there." Peter let out a heavy sigh, tear tracks now dry on his face.

Tony turned his body to face the boy, he grabbed him by the shoulders with both hands.

"Mr. Stark?"

"Look at me Peter," Peter's gaze turns to the man but doesn't meet his eyes, "*please* don't think you're doing this alone, you're not. There are so many people who want you here, not because you're a vigilant, not because you're Spider-man, but because you're—well, *you*."

Peter stared at Tony's jacket, eyes watering, "*Why* would anyone want *me* here? I'm not special."

Tony sighed, "Peter, you might not believe me, but you don't give yourself enough credit for everything you've done. *Believe me*, when people want you here, *I* want you here. There are people who will listen to you, help you. All the while people like May, your guy in the chair—" Peter's lips turned up a bit, "and even *I'm* here to help you stand when you can't get up anymore... I'm here to listen too. You can come to me anytime."

Peter looked at him, bewildered, he was quivering.

"Peter, *you matter*, and not just to me— Life is tough, no one said it was easy. But it gets better, trust me..." It was hard to keep calm, it hurt him, inside *he was so scared*— but he needed to tell Peter that he's going to get help.

"*I can't even imagine* what you're going through. I don't want to say I know, that would just be a lie. I don't want to say that things are going to get better— *I don't know that*. What I do know is that you can get help. *Don't give up yet— please—*." Tony's voice quivered, "*You're not alone, please* don't think that you have nowhere else to go, I'm here for you —"

Something he said must of broke something within Peter. Peter pushed Tony's hands off his shoulder and fell into Tony, sobbing as he held him tightly. Peter clawed at Tony's jacket, holding

onto him like he was a lifeline, he was getting tears and snot on his jacket, but honestly, it didn't matter. He could get a new suit, *he couldn't replace Peter*. He let Peter cry, stroking his back tentatively, yet tenderly.

After a few minutes of violent sobbing, it subsided and Peter's labored breath evened out into deep breaths. Tony let out a soft sigh and let go of the boy who held a strong grip on his chest. He continued to rub his, it seemed to calm the boy down as he inched into the amiable gesture.

"Please, Peter— let me bring you to Bruce. After that, we can get you some professional help. I'll help you get through this, I promise. I'll be here every step of the way."

Peter's glassy eyes seemed pensive and after a few seconds he looked up at Tony, "Okay..."

Tony gave a soft smile to the teen and pat him on the back, "Good, now let's get you out of this depressing room."

Peter gave a nod, he took one of his small blankets and wrapped it around his wounded arm and scooted to the edge of the bed, dangling his feet off. Tony stood up to help the boy get back on his feet. He reached out, pulled Peter's left arm, and the boy stood up. The bed creaked and Peter wobbled a bit but Tony couldn't help but feel relieved as he watched the boy regain his balance.

Thank god. Tony breathed a sigh of relief as he walked towards the door, turning his back on the boy. The kid had scared him out of his wits but now a giant weight had been lifted off his shoulders. Peter looked like a mess, but luckily the kid was finally going to get the help he needed

"Mr. Stark? I feel— kinda dizzy—I..."

Tony whirled around his heart skipping out of his chest. The next few seconds were a blur as he watched Peter collapse onto the ground with a loud thump.

"PETER!"

I'm here for you

Chapter Summary

In which we see what happens after Peter faints, the effects of the suicide attempt on his body and others around him, as well as what will happen next.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took way to long to post! Right after I posted the first chapter I came down with a stubborn cold. I needed a few days off from writing to recuperate and get better. Finally after all that I came down and finished it. I hope you enjoyed I certainly did. I'm surprised at the number of people that actually liked what I wrote and the positive feedback I received! Thank you so much, for the kudos, bookmarks, and comments, they are still appreciated and I welcome you to give me constructive criticism! Now, on to the story!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony rushed onto the wooden floor right next to the unconscious teen, his heart leaping out of his chest. The man grabbed the teen and checked his pulse; the boy's heart seemed to palpitate. He discerned footsteps approaching Peter's room, when suddenly, a horrified, disheveled May Parker flung the door open, running into the room.

"What happened?!" Her eyes were wide, voice frightened. She dropped down next to Tony, who was trying to find the reason why the boy passed out. Tony checked his pulse near the boy's neck, it was faint. The teen's breathing was shallow, his skin was even more pallid than before, perspiration beading on his forehead. The boy was sweltering to the touch, almost like he was a ball of fire, it was worse than before—

"FRIDAY, what's going on with Peter?!"

After a stifling minute, with Tony anxiously waiting and May stroking the teen's hand, the AI responded, "He's going into hypovolemic shock. His blood volume has been too low for too long. The gash was too big for Peter's healing factor to keep up if he is not treated immediately, major organs within his body can be affected. Heart attacks, kidney failure, liver failure, and even brain damage are all possible."

May looked at him with eyes full of terror, her mouth was hung open, and she was shaking, probably from shock, "What do you mean his *blood volume* is low?! **How?** *Did Peter get hurt fighting again?*! That's it Peter's not—" May grabbed Tony, shaking him.

The AI cut her off, "There seems to be an infection that is ravaging his body. I cannot seem to pinpoint what exact bacteria is causing the infection, but it seems to have entered from his gash and is now in his bloodstream. It is causing major inflammation in his right leg, specifically in the popliteal artery around his ankle. His liver is also heavily inflamed, it seems that the infection is inhibiting him to process toxins causing his jaundice. Septic shock is possible. He needs medical attention immediately."

Tony pushed out of May's grip and picked up Peter in a bridal style. The boy was limp in his arms, it already looked like he was too far gone. His chest was barely moving when he was breathing—. Tony felt a headache coming, the adrenaline rushing through his veins was causing his whole body to ache. Tony began to sprint towards the door of the boy's room but was abruptly stopped by May.

"*What's going on?! Where are you taking him?!*" May seemed just as alarmed as Tony, her pupils were dilated and her voice had a panic-stricken edge to it.

"I'm taking him to Bruce, I'll send Happy to get you!" Tony ripped out of her grip, running out of the room. The only thing he could hear was the monotonous sound of his feet hitting the floor, his heartbeat pounding in his head. His chest burned, everything hurt, but Peter was worth all the pain he was feeling.

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May stood in Peter's room, frozen and rigid, as she could only watch the man leave with her boy. Her mind was spinning, rushing with insidious and intrusive, hopeless thoughts...She felt herself collapse onto the ground, her knees buckling underneath her. The cold, burgundy wood floor seemed welcoming to her despair. All she could do was wait, while the one she was entrusted to take care of time and time again got hurt. She was powerless, *oh* what she would do to take away her boy's pain. She felt a sob wrack her frame, hands hugging herself tightly. Her mind delved into dark thoughts, '*what if Peter never comes back?*' Her breathing became uneven as her head met her knees.

She was an idiot. She *knew* something *more* was going on and yet— she didn't do enough. May *knew* she could have done more... but she didn't. Another sob left her lips, as tears fell out of her eyes. She was trembling, so many emotions rushing through her. It made her feel hopeless—

She wished it was her instead.

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Tony burst into the compound, rushing to the lab in which Banner ran his experiments. His heart was racing, the room was racing. His vision went blurry, and he could feel the adrenaline rush through him; it felt like molten lava rushing through his veins. His mind was hazy, everything was blurry and his head was filled with worry. When he sprinted into the laboratory, Peter limp in his arms, he ran up to where he saw the back of Bruce hunched over his desk.

"Bruce!"

The man spun around in his chair, his eyes widening at the form running towards him. As soon as Tony came close enough to the man, the scientist's mouth hung open, his face going sheet-white.

“Wha- *What happened?!*” He ran over to the billionaire who was gasping for breath, clutching onto the fragile form in his arms. Tony looked at the boy in his arms, he was frangible, like a porcelain doll, still frozen in time— not alive—

Tony snapped out of his daze, “Get a blood transfusion ready for Peter, now! *We could lose him!*”

Bruce snapped out of his trance, nodding, “What’s his blood type?”

“B-, *and hurry!* I'll give you more information when you get Peter in a more stable condition!”

Bruce nodded, holding out his arms. Tony gave the boy who was slack in his arms to Bruce. As soon as the boy was placed into his arms, Bruce ran to the infirmary. Tony could only watch as the boy left in scientist’s arms. He felt his heart sink as his knees buckled and his legs hit the floor. He bit his lip and his breath hitched; *without Peter here*— He began to tremble; *he didn’t have to put on a frangible front anymore*. His stomach lurched, as he was finally able to sit in his own thoughts. The words caught in his constricted throat were finally able to escape into the white void that was the vacant laboratory. The bright lights seemed to prick at his eyes and lash at his back. The man squeezed his eyes shut. The room was too white; it reminded him of the stodgy look of a hospital. It made him feel overwhelmingly nauseous.

Tony pounded his fist into the grey tile floor, he felt the spike of pain rush through his bones. The physical pain somehow made emotion weight sitting on his already weak chest, lighten.
"I'm *such* an idiot." He let out a forced laugh.

"Too **damn** worried with work to even care about those who matter to me—" Tony let out a trembling breath, voice barely a whisper.

"Too damn worried about *myself*... Too damn worried about **everything not important**—" He slammed his fist into the tile once more, feeling the heat in his hand from the blood rushing to his first. "*Pathetic*..."

He felt his whole body tense, shockwaves of emotions now shooting through his entire body. His ears were ringing, perspiration beading, head pounding, and his fists were clenching. He let out a shaky breath, feeling queasy.

He was terrified— begging *whoever, whatever* might be listening, that Peter would wake up—

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As soon as Happy arrived, the woman jumped into the car. She was sweating, hyperventilating and she felt herself heating up. She was petrified, '*what if Peter dies? What if... What if I'll never see him again?*' The car ride was grueling, every second felt like an eternity. She wasn't quite sure how long the ride actually was, but every minute was precious time.

It began to drizzle, the pitter-patter of the rain on the car was almost *painful*. May curled up into a tight ball, *praying* that she would see her boy alive again once more.

When she arrived, she wasn't at the compound like she thought she would be. She was at a hospital and that... worried her *even* more— What was going on with her boy? Everything was a blur, from Happy opening the door to the many people going in and out of the hospital. Her body went on auto-pilot, *she just wanted to see Peter*...

"Miss?" A voice spoke from the blur. May snapped out of her daze; blinking rapidly, and hands shaking. The woman handed her a small sticker, "Please wear this at all times while in the hospital.

A security guard will take you to Mr. Parker's room."

May nodded tightly, looking at the sticker reading '*May Parker, visitor in building C*'. She placed it on her chest, following the man that gestured to the elevators further down the hall. The woman at the front desk smiled at her warmly as she made her way to the elevators. It was deathly silent between the two. May kept her eyes glued to the floor as the elevator ascended upwards. The woman twiddled with her fingers anxiously, following the guard blindly. Their footsteps rung in her ears, only amplifying her worry tenfold. Abruptly, the man in front of her stopped, to which she halted as well. She looked up to see Peter being wheeled out of his room—. The woman only caught a glimpse of the pallid skinned boy as he was rolled away.

The guard was speaking but she could not hear him over the ringing in her ears—. A hand on her shoulder snapped her out of the haze that encased her mind. In front of her stood Tony Stark and Bruce Banner; both of them had disquieted expressions on their faces.

"Where's Peter going?" May's eyes met Tony, there was desperation in her voice—

The man let out a sigh, pursing his lips, "He's being transferred to the ICU to prepare for emergency surgery."

"***Emergency surgery?!?***" May's breathing escalated; she was trembling, "*for what?!?*"

"Necrosis of the Liver—"

"***Necrosis!?***" May grabbed Tony's shoulders with both her arms, "What's going on with him!? *Why won't anyone tell me anything!?* He's ***my*** baby! I—" May's puffy eyes began to tear, she was shaking, *she was a mess*.

"Let's go to Peter's new room— I'll tell you everything from there." When May's eyes met the man's she— could see some emotion that she wasn't expecting, sorrow. She was hesitant to call him but a few hours ago because a part of her believed that he was a selfish, egocentric billionaire... and while one of those were true, she was beginning to rethink her view of the man. She followed Bruce and Tony down the corridor— unsure of what to feel— what to think. She just wanted Peter to be okay...

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The first thing Peter noticed when he came to consciousness was a throbbing headache he had, it sent zips of pain through his body. His abdomen hurt like *hell*—His muscles felt sore, everything ached, his breathing was labored. His arm was piercingly cold, from whatever was pricking at his arm— Wait... *where*?

Slowly, the teen cracked open his sealed eyes, stinging with the brightness of the room. The boy blinked a few times, feeling a searing pain in his left foot. He sat up, the white sheets pooling at his waist. To his right, he spotted a heart rate monitor, the monotonous staccato rhythm loud in his ears. There was a small window to left, the outside veiled with blinds. The walls were a bleached white, no wear, no tears, just pristine white. There was a wooden table next to his uncomfortable cot. On it laid hand sanitizer, a tray of untouched food, and a glass of water... Come to think of it, the room smelled. He couldn't quite place the peculiar scent, but it kind of smells like... sterile? Like iodoform or... *stifling* antiseptics, yet it still had the underlying scent of *sickness*...It was a bit overwhelming. He moved his left arm to grab water and felt a prick and winced, letting out a soft hiss of pain. *Wha*?

There sat intravenous drip, sending cold fluid into his arm, sending chills up his weak physique. Peter let out a frustrated sigh, '*guess I can't get water then.*' He licked his parched lips, a faint rustle made him flinch. Only now did he hear a soft snoring coming from the far-right corner of the room. There was Aunt May, skin pallid, breathing softly... in some ways, she probably looked sicker than him... He could tell that he presumably worried her to no end. She was sitting on an old small chair. It was tattered, the green fabric covering on part of it was torn, the legs and armrests were both severely covered in chips and scratches. Peter let out a soft sigh, eyeing the back of his right arm. His heart rate picked up, he not only could feel it, but he could hear the monitor's sounds spike, becoming more rapid and frequent. He remembered what— what happened... He felt his heart clench with— an *odd emotion*... guilt perhaps? He wasn't sure.

Peter chuckled internally, shaking his head. '*What an idiot I am... aren't?*' He began tapping his fingers from the anxiety spilling into his body. Of course, his mind sucked it up like a sponge because he can *never* have an anxiety-ridden brain for more than 5 minutes. The boy looked around at uninspiring, stark white room.

'*Now what? You're such a failure, you even failed at killing yourself—*' Peter clenched his hands, now balling into fists, sending up rockets of pain in both arms. It was strange, having things to be somewhat normal after he tried to... The boy pursed his cracked lips. He has to continue living— right? It felt so *wrong* to be alive... *it just—*

Peter let out a groan, plopping backward into his reclined bed... Curiosity overcame him when he

slowly began to turn his arm around—

"Peter you're awake!"

Peter flinched, looking up to see May whose eyes were wide, puffy, red, and full of tears. May shot up, running over to the boy, giving him a tight embrace. She held him so tight his abdomen began to hurt. He felt her warm tears spill into his hospital gown— she was sobbing, shaking... Peter tentatively wrapped his right arm around her, not knowing what else to do.

May hugged him even tighter, violet sobs leaving her lips, "Peter—*I'm so glad.*" The boy froze in her arms, "I thought you— *you were never gonna wake up—I*"

Peter forced a fake laugh, "It's okay— I'm okay! I'm awake now..." May's grip became slack, Peter felt her breath become uneven.

"*Is it really okay?*" Peter was taken aback by the seemingly random question. "*Are you really okay?*" Slowly May escaped the embrace. She looked at him, her expression full of sorrow— "I know what happened... Stark— he told me everything."

He stayed silent, refusing to meet his aunt's gaze, not wanting to answer to May's horrifying revelation. Peter bit his lip, and May rubbed his shoulder tenderly, "Peter, *please* look at me." The boy's eyes were still glued to his cheap bedsheets. May let out a sigh, but continued on, "You don't have to suffer alone anymore—.... I don't want you to think you need to. Please, Peter, don't think that killing yourself is the only way—" May's voice became tense, tight, and more desperate as she carried on.

Before she could continue, however, the door to his room opened, revealing Mr. Stark. Peter watched the two adults exchange mutual glances; May nodded and got off of Peter's small cot.

"We'll continue this conversation later—" May whispered to Peter, voice laced with guilt. She exited the room and Stark stepped in, closing the door behind him.

The room was quiet as Mr. Stark moved the tattered chair in the corner next to Peter's bed. He sat down, calculating gaze never taken off Peter. Before things got too uncomfortable for the already distressed teen, Stark spoke, "How're you doing, kiddo?"

Peter let out a soft sigh, "Honestly— *I don't know* how to feel." Peter looked down at his wrist that once housed the bloody, infected, puss-filled gash. But a mere handful of stitches laid in its wake, a large roseate scar sat there as well. "I'm faced with the reality that life— it goes... *it goes on* even when things like this happen... I just don't know how I'm— I'm gonna get better— it's... not fair." Peter looked Mr. Stark in the eye, "I just didn't live feeling like this— but now I don't know if I believe I can get better— *I don't even remember what it's like to be happy!*" Peter fell backward onto the cot, left arm stinging from the IV prodding in his arm. Peter let out an exasperated sigh, "Enough of that— what happened to me anyway?"

Mr. Stark stared at Peter with an unreadable expression, "We'll get back to your mental state in a bit," he answered hesitantly. "For physical state—" the man's voice suddenly softened, "we thought we were going to lose you. You've been in a comatose for over 2 weeks." Peter looked at the man, bemused. Stark just shook his head, "Your infection was a lot worse than I had originally anticipated, that's why you're in the hospital. While Bruce did have the necessary equipment for a blood transfusion— he had some complications. Your symptoms seemed to worsen instead of improve once you had the appropriate amount of blood in your system" Mr. Stark pursed his lips and ran his left hand through his hair. "He tested your blood— turns out you were going into septic shock, we didn't have the antibiotics so we brought you to the nearest hospital to the compound. Then, when doing a chest X-Ray it seemed as if there were pockets in your liver—. You had abscesses of puss forming in it due to the septic shock from candidiasis fungus; that caused your jaundice."

Mr. Stark began to bite his lip, and Peter's ears began ringing, his eyes meeting his hospital gown, tuning out the rest of the world. He felt numb, unsure of what feel from this new revelation. "Doctors performed an emergency surgery to remove the puss from your liver and the dead tissue as well from necrosis. Luckily, the liver can fully regenerate itself. You have the IV not just for food and liquids, but for antibiotics as well. On top of all that— your leg became so inflamed from the mold, that the popliteal artery became so narrow that blood could no longer reach below your left kneecap— The result of this... Is—" Stark became quiet. Peter looked at his feet confused, he slowly peeled back the cover to see— somewhat of a nightmare. There his left foot, the toes *gone*—. The boy couldn't believe what his eyes were showing him. He felt a foreign hand on his own.

"Gangrene..." Peter felt Stark squeeze his hand, "The only way to stop the spread of dead tissue was to amputate— There's nothing else we could've done..."

Peter just felt himself nod, maybe just an instinct at this point... he just wanted to be alone in his thoughts. Though numb— he felt tears roll down his face, yet still, he kept silence. Words were trapped in his throat, refusing to leave, maybe it was the shock— or something else he wasn't sure. He felt Tony's gaze on him, it bored into him; making him feel heavily uncomfortable. He felt the hand on his squeeze tighter.

"Once you're fully healed, you'll probably— be transferred to another hospital and admitted into its psych ward...."

Peter tensed, his body going fully rigid. His mind reeled to a halt— *what?!*

Mr. Stark seemed to notice his inner turmoil, so he moved his hand from Peter's hand to the boy's shoulder, "*I know...* It's a lot to take in, but you need help. You need to find a way to cope— believe me when I say life isn't as bad as it seems right now."

The boy's hands turned to fists feeling somewhat betrayed, "A psych ward? Really? I'm just gonna be treated like an *insane* person. I'm not going to be the same as I used to be. *It's hopeless! It's not like I'm going to go there and magically get better! I'm a waste—*" He jeered, doubt dripping his tone.

Stark just sighed heavily. Peter heard the sound of the man's collar moving, presumably from shaking his head, "Y'know Peter? I can only help you so much; these people are trained professionals who do this for a living. They don't pick the job just for any random reason; they pick it because they want to help people like you. You can talk to them, get all that weight lifted off your chest, you can be administered medicin—"

"*Medicine?*" Peter hissed, "Come *on—* Like I'm going to take *medicine* for something so stupid..."

"Peter, believe it or not— *it can help you*. I know you don't want to take medicine because you think it's a *weakness*... You told me before that you're a *failure* of a superhero... You're not. This isn't your fault, you don't have to blame yourself. I mean look at me, I basically almost ended the world when I created Ultron... that was my fault, even if it was a mistake and my intentions were good. You're not a failure because you're sick. Mental illness is just as real as a physical one... taking anti-depressants isn't a weakness. It's like not taking medicine when you're sick, you might be able to fight it on your own, but usually, you can't."

Peter finally slowly looked up at the man, his eyes were full of doubt, yet he nodded softly. He doesn't really really believe Mr. Stark, even if what he's saying is true, he still thinks somehow he failed— he knows it's pretty irrational, but it's all his brain wants to believe. His body still tense, his heart was still palpitating. He brought his knees to his chest— "What's going to happen to me?" The teen whispered, lip quivering.

"I don't know, kid"

Peter hung his head... everything began to well up in his mind. It became overwhelming and then.... everything just caved. He felt hot tears pour down his face, and he let out a stifled sob. He turned and grabbed on to Mr. Stark suddenly, embracing him, "I'm sorry— *I'm sorry*— I'm so scared— I don't know what I'm going to do... Please, *I'm scared*—" the boy clutched onto billionaire, not wanting to let go.

He felt the man embrace him back with tentative arms, "I know— but it's okay kiddo. I'll be here with you every step of the way... Soon, you'll be back to your old happy self— *I promise*."

END

(Please read end notes for some important information)

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for following this story. I have another sick fic coming up, but this time, Tony's sick! Don't worry, it's complete fluff and father-son shenanigans so I hope you'll enjoy that! I'm also jumping on the bandwagon of writing a Tony adopts Peter fic, but I am hopefully going to change the format and make it unique. It's hopefully well-paced and not rushed like I see many other fics are. I also am in the process of writing two multi-chapter Zelda fics so be on the lookout for those too!

On a side note, I probably did overdramatize Peter's consequences for his attempt. However, I really wanted to push the fact that most of the time, there are irreversible consequences when someone attempts suicide. Even self-mutilation can hurt you more than you mean to. For example, as a form of self-harm, I would hit my head on hard surfaces. Little did I know, that ended up tearing my retina in two spots causing flashing and partial blindness and I needed to go and get two surgeries to fix it. Now I have a scleral buckle in my eye forever and my left eye's vision will never be the same. I feel like people who write about those who attempt, they don't have any permanent consequences, and most of the time, that's not the case in real life.

Also, I really want to stress that taking medication isn't bad. I take 30 mg of Lexapro these days, if I skip a day, I usually relapse in self-harm because of the pain that I feel is just too much. I need it, I'm not weak for taking it, I'm taking it because I'm sick like you usually would for most ailments. You might not need medication, it's an option and you should consider it if you're depressed, have major anxiety, have bipolar disorder, and other mental illnesses.

One last thing before I end it, being admitted to a psych ward isn't that bad. I was admitted into one for about 10 days, I met some amazing people there are they are still good friends of mine. (I was admitted into a child psych ward because I'm under 18) Although the food was pretty terrible, help was available 24/7, they had social workers and psychiatrists/psychologists working to do different types of therapies and administer medication. They had group sessions where everyone would learn coping

skills. Although it's not all great, there were a lot of things we weren't allowed to do and we still even had school, I had to wait 12 hours for the ambulance to come and pick me up from a hospital that didn't have a psych ward to transfer me to one that did and I arrived at like 3 am there. I wouldn't change going there. If you feel as if you are in immediate danger of hurting yourself or others, please admit yourself in, you'll be able to get help there.

For all those who might be considering suicide, self-harm, or just need someone to talk to about tough problems, here is a link to all the suicide hotlines for those who are living in the U.S. <http://www.suicide.org/suicide-hotlines.html> . All of this is completely confidential by law unless you are in immediate danger, please talk if you need help!

While I would say call the national suicide hotline, I tried, no one answered after 20 minutes. I tried texting in their online chat, after an hour I was still 60th in line to talk. These might be more helpful. For those who aren't living in the states, there are the hotlines for many of the countries around the world! <http://ibpf.org/resource/list-international-suicide-hotlines>

I don't have a tumblr so if you want to check out some updates on fics and more, follow me on Instagram! [_Trashy_Artist_](#) (I post shitty art and stuff)

End Notes

Cliff Hanger!

Yeah, I felt like I wrote just a bit too much for one chapter and I wanted to give some suspense for all those who are checking in when I first published this.

This was a pretty big vent fic, I've been struggling with Clinical Depression and Generalized Anxiety for over a year and after attempting suicide, life still has been pretty rough. This honestly really reflects what my conversation with my parents went when I set my plan in motion, but they caught me before I could actually complete it. I do want to say that life does get better and for those who are struggling with mental illnesses, there is hope! Please reach out to a local hotline, friends, family, trusted adults or even therapists. Don't end your sentence with a period, add a semicolon, pause, take a deep breath, and continue. Here is a link to all the suicide hotlines for those who are living in the U.S. <http://www.suicide.org/suicide-hotlines.html>

While I would say call the national suicide hotline, I tried, no one answered after 20 minutes. I tried texting in their online chat, after an hour I was still 60th in line to talk. These might be more helpful. For those who aren't living in the states, there are the hotlines for many of the countries around the world! <http://ibpf.org/resource/list-international-suicide-hotlines>

I don't have a tumblr so if you want to check out some updates on fics and more, follow me on Instagram! [_Trashy_Artist_](#) (I post shitty art and stuff)

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